

Songster, Margaret E

DRAWER 28a

Poets

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# Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Margaret E. Sangster

Excerpts from newspapers and other  
sources

From the files of the  
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

Lincoln.

HIS spirit walks beside us, always  
reaching  
Toward men—and hearts and  
souls—that are not free;  
The silent voice of him is ever teach-  
ing  
That love may live beyond death's  
mystery.  
His wistful eyes are glancing from  
dim places:  
His smile—a tender smile, and misty  
sweet—  
Finds echo in the many kindly faces  
That pass us by, like shadows, on  
the street.  
His legacy to us? Not just the  
giving  
Of Liberty to slaves who walked in  
fright;  
Not just the fact that now our land  
is living  
Like one great family, splendid in  
its might.  
He gave his life—a martyr to his  
brothers,  
A follower of Him, whose pierced  
hands bled  
Against a Cross of pain . . . He  
died for others,  
Yet, while his nation lives—he is  
not dead!  
—By MARGARET SANGSTER.

Abraham Lincoln

CHILD of the boundless prairie, son of  
the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother  
to them that toil;  
God and Nature together shaped him to  
lead in the van,  
In the stress of the wildest weather, when  
the nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smoldering fire, heart of a lion  
at bay,  
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to  
serve for today;  
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick  
as a flash with a jest,  
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the  
ache that was dull in his breast!

Met were the man and the hour—man who  
was strong for the shock—  
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in  
the midst, he stood fast as a rock.  
Comrade he was and commander, he who  
was born for the time,  
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof  
and sublime.

Swift slip the years from their tether,  
centuries pass like a breath,  
Only some lives are immortal, challenging  
darkness and death.  
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write  
in the star-dust his name,  
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high  
on the records of Fame.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

*Chas. E. Sangster*  
2/6/30

Sangster, Margaret

Lincoln

"Child of the boundless prairie, son of the  
virgin soil,"

Brooklyn Union  
LINCOLN 2-12-35  
Child of the boundless prairie, son of  
the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens,  
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high on the records of Fame.  
MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Washington and Lincoln, they march ahead  
to-day,  
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the  
way—  
Showing us that valor lives, and courage  
never dies;  
And that hope may dawn again in sad, lack-  
lustre eyes!

Washington and Lincoln—straight and tall  
and grave—  
What a legacy they left, what a gift they  
gave!  
What a gift, transcending all little doubts  
and hates—  
For they gave, by sacrifice, these United  
States!

Lincoln and Washington—to-day they march  
ahead,  
Carrying a banner that is white and blue and  
red;  
Telling us that lips will smile, and hearts  
once more will sing,  
When the nation learns to join in love and  
neighboring!

Lincoln and Washington—pioneers are they,  
Hewing out a trail for us, showing us the  
way;  
Telling us of brave ideals on which the nation  
stands,  
Blessing us, across the years, with dim, up-  
lifted hands!

—The Christian Herald

*The Literary Digest 2-15-16*



*The Young Soldier 2/10/37*

## LINCOLN

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CHILD of the boundless prairie, son of the  
virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them  
that toil;  
God and nature together shaped him to lead  
in the van,  
In the stress of the wildest weather, when the  
nation needed a man.

Eyes of a smouldering fire, heart of a lion at  
bay,  
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve  
for today;  
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a  
flash with a jest,  
Hiding with gibe and great laughter the ache  
that was dull in his breast.

Met were the man and the hour—man who  
was strong for the shock—  
Fierce were the lightnings unleashed; in the  
midst he stood fast as a rock.  
Comrade he was, and commander, he who was  
meant for the time.  
Iron in council and action, simple, aloof and  
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Swift slips the years from their tether, centuries  
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Abraham Lincoln

By Margaret E. Sangster

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4509.1. The following is anonymous,  
sixteenth century, and this is the correct  
version, from the Oxford Book of Six-  
teenth Century Poetry.

Western wind, when wilt thou blow?  
The small rain down can rain,  
Christ, if my love were in my arms  
And I in my bed again.

M. E. P

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Feb. 12, 1809.)

Child of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;  
God and nature together shaped him to lead in the van,  
In the stress of her wildest weather when the nation needed a man.

Swift slip the years from their tether, centuries pass like a breath,  
Only some lives are immortal, challenging darkness and death.  
Hewn from the stuff of the martyrs, write on the star-dust his name,  
Glowing, untarnished, transcendent, high on the records of fame.

—Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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had quite gone, leaving, Mrs. Lee said afterwards, "a voice that would have softened the heart of a statue"), "don't marry either of them. WAIT THE YEAR; LET THE PLACE GO;—AND MARRY ME. I don't want the farm, or anything but you."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Lee sat quite still, forgotten entirely by the two actors in the little drama she had set in motion.

Miss Adelia continued to look at her unexpected suitor without a word, but he evidently read her eyes at last. He drop-

ped on his knees by the chair, and seized her hands with the ardor of a boy.

"I love you; of course I love you!" he cried. "I believe I have loved you for years. You simply have to marry me, Adelia!"

Here Mrs. Lee gently rose, and stole on tiptoe out of the room.

"Dr. Benson and Adelia", she murmured to herself, putting her hat on hind-side-before in her excitement; "it seems almost too good to be true. Why, it couldn't have turned out better if I'd planned for a thousand years!"

## Abraham Lincoln.

February 12, 1809—1909.

CHILD of the boundless prairie, son of the virgin soil,  
Heir to the bearing of burdens, brother to them that toil;  
God and Nature together shaped him to lead in the van,  
In the stress of her wildest weather, when the Nation needed a Man.

Eyes of a smouldering fire, heart of a lion at bay,  
Patience to plan for tomorrow, valor to serve for today,  
Mournful and mirthful and tender, quick as a flash with a jest,  
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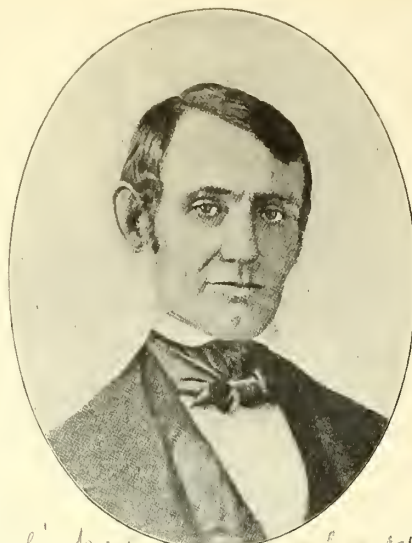
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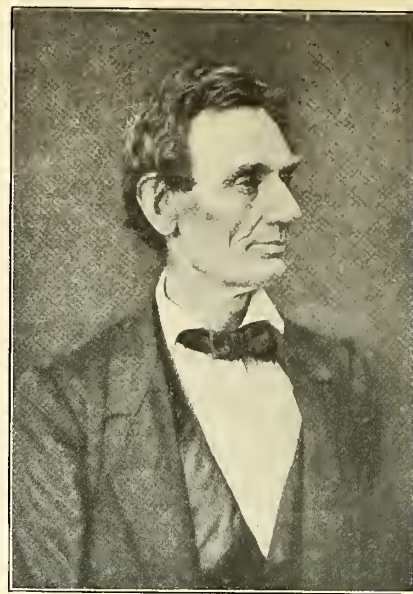
MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



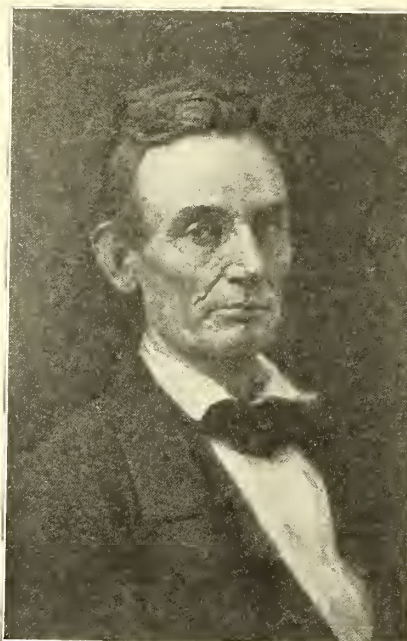




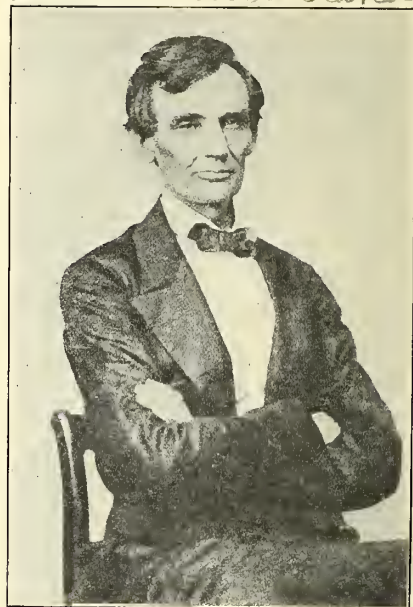
*earliest photo, made about 1846  
age about 30*



*the truest likeness*



*In his prime  
Mrs Lincoln declared*



*1860*

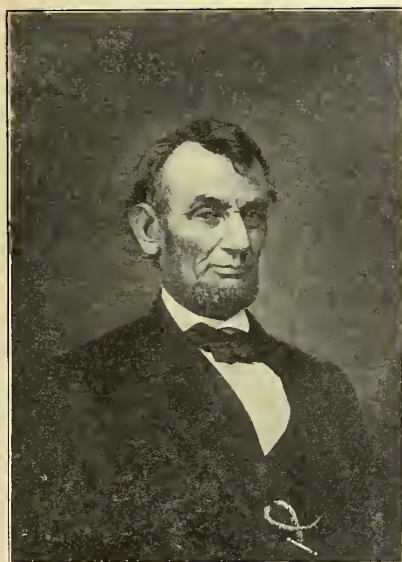
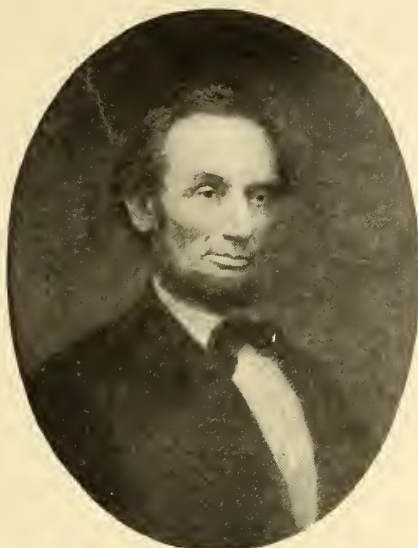
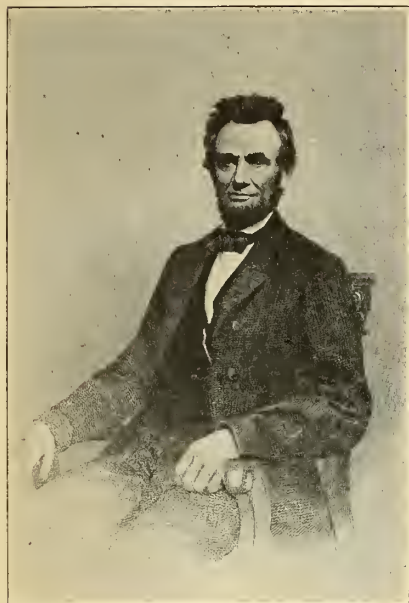
## Various Portraits of Lincoln.

**F**EBRUARY will ever stand conspicuous in the hearts of Americans as being the birth-month of her two greatest heroes and citizens. February, 1909, centers our grateful thoughts upon the life of

Abraham Lincoln, being the centenary of his birth. From the pictures that were taken of the great martyr-president we present to the readers of EVERY WHERE an interesting and characteristic set

VARIOUS PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.

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*1864. most familiar picture  
likeness used on our bank notes*

*St. Gaudens - Lincoln Park  
Chicago*

which cover a range dating from 1846 to the autumn of 1862. Various mediums of portraiture are represented, including copies of daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, photographs, oil paintings, engravings, and sculpture. The two youthful pictures on the first page were taken just

after his first nomination as President.

It is remarkable, that of all these many portraits and photographs taken of this great leader of men, not one should show a glint of the genial humor, which must so often have illuminated his speech and irradiated his countenance. It is a face



that conveys more than a sense of mere seriousness. It is expressive of deep sadness—"that of a man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." All of the artists have apparently been impressed by this weight of care and responsibility that burdened the head of the Nation. They have preserved it in their canvasses as the camera has fixed it upon the sensitive paper.

Only one picture here given suggests the faintest gleam of mirth—the first one in our series—and that, we understand, had been "touched up" by the camera-artist.

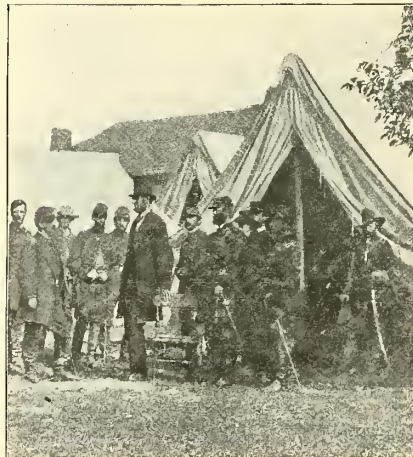
But melancholy though it be, Lincoln's face is one that uplifts, while it saddens. Those familiar with the stirring history of his time, and who know the life-story of the man, understand well the meaning of his underlying melancholy—and they rejoice in the knowledge that his burden was made less heavy by the gift of one good fairy at his birth—the gift to perceive and to enjoy the incongruous; the capacity to laugh; the joy in simple things; the liking for good-fellowship; the love of his kind.

In the army group we see the Com-

mander-in-Chief of the Army taken with a group of his generals after the Battle of Antietam, in the fall of 1862. How Lincoln's thin, lank figure towers above those of his stalwart officers—symbol of the height of his spirit over those of ordinary men.

The St. Gauden's statue, which is the glory of Lincoln Park, Chicago, represents the Chief of the People, when he is delivering his great dedicatory address at Gettysburg. One recognizes that the inspired artist portrays the inspired President at the moment of highest spiritual elevation. Can we not hear him say these stimulating words which place a solemn responsibility upon us all?

"In a larger sense we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. \* \* \* It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us. \* \* \* That we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom!"





garetE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"Child of the boundless prairie,  
son of the virgin soil"

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LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

A little lonely cabin, rough hewn and touched  
with age,  
A tiny, wistful cabin—and yet, a glowing page  
Of history was written, in letters bold and fair  
About a life that started and grew to boyhood  
there!

Oh, some men come from mansions, from stately  
palace halls,  
And some are born in cities, shut in by endless  
walls—  
But Lincoln, our great hero, first saw the sun's  
kind face  
Come slanting through the window of a wee  
cabin place.

Small wonder that he sponsored the cause of lib-  
erty,  
And that he heard the calling of folk who were  
not free—  
The little, lonely cabin, from all the world apart,  
Was like a loving message engraved upon his  
heart!

—Margaret E. Sangster.



